THE PRESIDENT ABROAD.

A TIMID FORECAST OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND COMES TO LONDON.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] London, December 4. President Cleveland, say American telegrams, means to come to Europe next summer and make an extended tour. Whether Mrs Cleveland comes with him we are not told, but we venture to hope so. Whether he intends to include Lendon in his extended tour is left equally in doubt by the brief dispatch which gives us all the news we have of his plans. That, too, we may perhaps assume, if Mr. Patrick Collins does not put a veto on it. He would be received with civility, though certainly with less cordiality than if he had not sent Lord Sackville his passports in what is here still thought an unceremonious fashion. The Pat Collins story, true or not, has made its way to There are people here who believe that London. the President had no intention of dismissing the British Minister until the Irish Statesman from Boston and his colleagues put an irresistible pressure upon him. They resent the act of dismissal, and they resent the doing of it at Irish dictation. Mr. Cleveland must make up his mind to meet this feeling and even to see or hear now and then among the more outspoken of the why he should not be present. The truth is that

dent would hear of it in private-not in good so- need not affect an American visitor. clety, certainly. If any resentment were to be land, it may be presumed, will not be anxious shown, it would be shown by silence, or by acts about those solemnities of social precedence and may keep them shut; or may open them less button about them. He gave way to Mr. of the Philistines. His allusion to Mr. Sanderson widely. Once inside, he has nothing to fear. Pierrepont's wish. By the time Mr. Cleveland is unmistakable. It is not the custom here to ask people in order arrives, a Republican will be in charge of the troduce an unpleasant subject of conversation. That would be altogether alien from English notions of hospitality. The sacredness of the guest is recognized in this country not less explicitly than in the East itself; though in a different way. I am taking it for granted that when Mr. Cleveland comes to London he will wish to see something of the real London; something of the people who make London; of the best people; something of the inside as well as the outside. He may, of course, be content to come as a tourist, and devote his days to the British Museum, and the Tower, and to Madame Tussaud's, where he would believe, see himself as others see him, in wax. But I hope he means to do more than that.

hailed, for aught I know, as a benefactor or, at to his hand during these visits.

Least, as a would-have-been benefactor. The The tramp from the country, too, has appeared least, as a would-have-been benefactor. minds of the half-dozen people who would practically determine the nature of President Cleveand's reception in Mayfair and Belgravia? They do not know their own minds; or do not yet know them. It may be a good or a bad season for lions, must be too devout an economist to find fault with man, or a man of hesitating demeaner, is an easy the law of supply and demand. There are social or less stringent and not less universally operative than those politico-economical dogmas this kingdom to the planet Saturn. To them even

sible—that the German Emperor should so time had started out for booty, flying the flag of free his visit to London as to find it coincided with that speech. They had pretended to be for the right of the American ex-President in the summer of 1889. The social resources of London would be taxed to do honor to the young ruler of the held in check in Hyde Park, with its unequalled School Beard as an example of democratic caprice London in a period of splendor, but he would not in and slunk home. They have gathered fresh himself be the chief luminary of the period. He courage from Sir Charles Warren's dismissal. the ex-President would be the centre of attraction. and houses, nobody knows. The police think it The comparison suggests one of those perplexities unlikely unless in unusually favorable circumof etiquette which made themselves felt when stances. A riot by a large number of men con-General Grant was in London. Mr. Pierrepont, centrating in a particular district can be speedily

lish hosts see fit to accord him. On those terms, Invitations will pour in upon him and his wife. There never was a time when the London hostess smooth her path and her husband's, should there Perhaps his last Message would be an obstacle if he came to-morrow, but by the time he sets foot on the pavements of London his last Message will be as much forgotten as his first. He will hardly expect the friends and family of Lord Sackville to receive him with open arms. The friends and family of Lord Sackville include some very powerful people, beginning with Lord and Lady Derby. Whether Lord Salisbury will remember the Sackville adventure against President Cleveland, is one of those questions that may be left open. Lord Salisbury is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister. Lady Salisbury, as wife of the Foreign Secretary, will be giving a Foreign Office party next June. Mr. Blaine was asked to the entertainment of 1887, and would not go. Mr. Cleveland may count with safety on an invitation to the same function in 1889. What will he do? I can conceive of no reason

NOTES FROM LONDON.

BEGGARS AND THIEVES-AMERICA ABROAD -MR. SANDERSON'S BINDINGS-PER-SONALITIES.

once more a topic, and letters about beggars and If people in London bethought themselves of any thieves appear in the papers. If the writers will public act or word of President Cleveland, they but carry their memories back to February in would prefer to call to mind his free-trade mes- 1886, they will see that things are better now Their gratitude to him for that than then, not worse. The West End covers a survived his subsequent eccentricities. great deal of ground, and I can speak only of The gospel of free trade touched their pockets: the streets I walk through. The rough from the would have filled them full of American East End who found his way to the West End may find good reproductions of some of the most can gold had it but converted the nearly three years ago has never, I think, forcountry to which it was vainly preached. The gotten his few hours of triumph. He slouched subsequent eccentricities did but affect their back again to Whitechapel, but Mayfair and sensibilities, and the emotions roused by the Kensington, Belgravia and Bayswater, have ever Sackville incident seem evanescent. Gratitude to since attracted him, and he comes now and then the American President who would have handed to see what the chances are for another procession ever American markets to British manufacturers and another hour of look. Being a person of must be a more permanent feeling. He may be practical mind, he does what business lies ready

may offer him a banquet, and Sheffield a gift, and the same plan of campaign. They operate, for the same plan of campaign. They operate, for the same plan of campaign with choice, on vomen who are alone, beginning with as he has often done, is sheer barbarism.

The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer, and "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped in the same plan of campaign. They operate, for the same plan of campaign. They operate, for the same plan of campaign with the same plan of campaign. They operate, for the same plan of campaign. They operate the same plan of campaign. They operate the same plan of campaign. They operate the same plan of campaign. They oper Cobden Club may ask him to dinner. Liverpool on the pavements. The rough and the tramp have public than those merely social attentions which, feres, with highway robbery. One lady describes in his capacity of visitor to London, our President her experience. Two men asked her for money, followed her when refused, threatened her, and in his capacity of visitor to London, our President may be presumed to have in view. No one can may be presumed to have in view. No one can predict with accuracy what would happen. Accouracy is not the differentiating note of predictions in general, and when they relate to the course of events in London society, prophesies would be even more rash than usual. Who can foresee the cappices of fashion, or look into the foresee the cappices of fashion, or look into the lates and range again, but the police of the masses do not yet attack men unless they are a gang, but the police many years past. What I said on some other may be presumed to have in view. No one can be displeased with what I said the other day about displeased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, are weeker two ahead; is pleased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, are weeker two ahead; also couldn't hardly keep awake, and rockin' in the street in his lady that she was the third whose ring he had answered on the same errand. These interesting representatives of the masses do not yet attack men unless they are a gang, but the police many years past. What I said on some other masses do with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, are weeker two ahead; all spleased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, are weeker two ahead; all spleased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, are weeker two ahead; all spleased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, and rockin' in the sale on the fill spleased with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, and rockin' in the sale of the steeks rockin' in the steeks upon himself the proposition. The particle of the with what I said the other day about Couldn't hardly keep awake, and rockin' in the steeks and rockin' in the steeks rockin' in the steeks upon himself the proposition. The particle of the wind, and the Queen, and contradicts some of my state attack men unless they are a gang, but the police have a notion that they are beginning to collect into groups, with a view to street robbery by violence. The winter favors them. Evening sets violence.

Matthews turned Sir Charles Warren out of his operative than those politico-economical dogmas which Mr. Gladstone himself has, on occasion, denied and defied and banished for the time being from this binder to the planet Saturn. To them even and Sir Charles was a fact. He had established this kingdom to the planet Saturn. To them even an ex-President must submit. They are, however, his character. The mob knew he would stand no truthful sheet from which I am quoting. They had truth him truthful sheet from which I am quoting. incapable of being defined with that precision on nonserse. They had tried their best with him, and had totally failed. They had made their which the doctrinaires of free trade insist.

Let us suppose—it is not probable, but it is posanarchists and fanatics of various sorts. They Teuton forty millions. Mr. Cleveland would see opportunities for organizing disorder, they gave would often find himself in the same drawing. Whether they will attempt a riot on a large room with the Emperor, but the Emperor and not scale, with a view to sacking the West End shops then American Minister, raised at once in his be- and firmly dealt with. Gangs of thieves who half and in the most peremptory form the question spread all over a great quarter of the town, and

et precéque. Re derived that ex-Precident Grant when the precident of the trees, and should be treated as a covereign who had retired the property of place to this constitution of the precident of the precident

advertising him as a binder. He is not a binder by trade, but a person—I do not wish to be uncivil in the use of the word person—of some social position, who practises the binding of books as a pastime and otherwise. He may fairly enough be described as a commercial amateur. The beginning of his work on books seems to be traceable to a notion that every citizen ought to be capable of some handieraft. He chose book-binding as he may enjoy himself immensely in London. by trade, but a person-I do not wish to be unwas not glad to attract to her parties a beauti- a pastime and otherwise. He may fairly enough ful woman with a charming manner. Mrs. be described as a commercial amateur. The be-Cleveland's reputation has preceded her, and will ginning of his work on books seems to be traceable chance be any obstacles to require smooth of some handieraft. He chose book-binding as he might have chosen shormaking. Each has to to say to one than to the other. He has mastered TWO NEW GOATS THAT CANCLEAR AN EIGHT. perhaps more than the rudiments, but he has never yet, so far as I know, bound a book. What he has done is to put books into leather cases, and call them bindings, and charge a great price for them.

He has found another than the rudiments, but he has never yet, so far as I know, bound a book. What he has done is to put books into leather cases, and call them bindings, and charge a great price for them.

He has found customers here, and I believe has found them in America as well. The number of book-buyers who have much knowledge of bindings is not great, and most of them are doof book-buyers who have much stated are do-bindings is not great, and most of them are do-bindings is not great, and most of them are do-lisland. These simals, though distantly related to the Man-These simals, though distantly related to the Man-These simals, though distantly related to the Manwhich they are told is good. They are told to hattan gots, are of a distinct breed and possess qual-admire Mr. Sanderson's flat backs and sharp littles that the native goat never dreamed of. The admire Mr. Sanderson's flat backs and sharp carpenter's angles, and they do, or believe they do. They behold these flat surfaces of morocco, all in a blaze of gold tooling, and they admire those also. So does a child admire the gilt gingerbread of the confectioner's windows, and his conviction that the gilt gingerbread is a work the goats had grown from kids to good-sized animals. his conviction that the gilt gingerbread is a work and the sailors, not knowing what else to do with of art is just as respectable as the conviction of them to a dealer in animals for a now and then among the more outspoken of the few persons are disposed to remember in prifew persons are disposed of them to a dealer in animals for a small consideration, and they found their way into the customers alike have yet to learn the elementary principles of the art of decoration as applied to principle and the sailors, not knowing what else to disposed to remember in prifew persons are disposed to r principles of the art of decoration as applied to books. "It is not necessary," remarks dr. Lang mals, except from their rarity," remarked Director with truth, "that the morocco should ie a garden Conkin. of conventional flowers. There is more true merit probably that ever found their way to this country. shown, it would be shown by shence, or of conventional flowers. There is more true merit of conventional flowers. stances, would have opened their doors to him eral Grant. The General himself cared not a There is indeed, and Mr. Lang is not on the side

Is unmistakable.

Perhaps some day Mr. Sinderson will tell us whether he ever thought is worth while to study the work of the great masters. There have been great masters in binding. Not one of them, alast was English. The men who bound for Groller and for Maioli were true artists. So were the Eves, and Le Grecon, perhaps the greatest of them all, and Du Seuil and Boyet, while the later, though less pure, work of the best of the many Padelovis and Deromes is full of attractive ness. Trauts, who died but the other day in Paris, was the equal of any of them in some respects, though not in originality or creative faculty. They may all be studied, for much of the best work of the eighteenth. It may be that Mr. Sanderson has seen it and studied it, but if so it is only to renounce the teachings of all the real artists of the craft he professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, in the collection of the late Baron James in a stay of the ground provided in the collection of the late Baron James in the professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, in the collection of the late Baron James in the professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, in the collection of the late Baron James in the professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, in the collection of the late Baron James in the professes to pursue, and the professes to pursue at the Baron James in the professes to pursue, and the professes to pursue, and the professes to pursue, and the professes to pursue and three herost with the trouble with the inclosure to get the pieces of apple which were done to get the pieces of apple which were dered them. They seemed in every way to bells their pounts to get the pieces of apple which were offered them. They seemed in every way to bells their bought the inclosure to get the pleces of apple which were dered them. They seemed in every way to bells when herost the get the get of the pieces of apple which were dered them. They seemed in every way to bells their boug Perhaps some day Mr. Sanderson will tell us to lecture them. It is most improbable that the American Legation. He will be even more ex-President would meet under any English roof anxious than a Democrat to do all that can be any guest so forgetful of conventionalities as to done for the ex-President but be well as the work of the great masters. There have been any guest so forgetful of conventionalities as to done for the ex-President, but he will not, let great masters in binding. Not one of them, alas! us hope, be over-auxious. Nothing is wanted but tact and common sense and a certain knowledge of the customs of London society. The good American is ever a welcome guest, and his goodness consists for this purpose very largely in that simplicity of bearing and that frankness of mind which is denoted by the word American. G. W. S. Tower, and to Madame Tussaud's, where he would find himself in distinguished company, and, I believe, see himself as others see him, in wax.

The condition of the West End of London is professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale professes to pursue. At the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, in the collection of the late Baron James de Rothscaild, in that of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, and elsewhere, he may see the best that is to be seen; and most marvellous and lovely

If he will not take the trouble to go to Paris, he famous bindings in volumes not more difficult to procure than the catalogues of Mr. Morgand, the famous bookseller of the Passage des Panoramas. He will find, in addition to illustrations, the principles on which these Frenchmen wrought and the elements of their decorative method clearly set forth in the treatise of MM. Marius

distribution of July's nothin' to it!—New-Year's ain't a not of the first class. Their book, "La Relieur Francaise," is on the whole the best now extant. If he will do none of all these things, the first

An English critic in a London society paper is displeased with what I said the other day about Balmoral and the Queen, and contradicts some of many years past. What I said on some other points is, according to this critic, " pure fiction" and "blundering nonsense." Language of that sort hardly affords a basis for discussion or explanain early, and the fog we have with us at all hours of day and night. An old man, or a weak which he denies so civilly I had either personal knowledge or the best authority, and that they are clearly growing bolder since Mr. all entirely true. The denial comes, perhaps, from que le rei. The royal household includes persons of all ranks, some in livery and some out. Some of them are not above accepting half-crowns for bits of gossip, mostly inaccurate, supplied to the agraph in question is, I dare say, the printed equivalent of one of these half-crowns, and not dear at the money.

With the permission of the cable and the compositors and other instruments of overruling fate, I because he is a patron of the ballot. It is the ballet of which this ornament of the Church of Engand is the patron and champion. His Bishop leaves aim out in the cold, but some thousands of London electors, knowing that he regards the ballet as a moral agency, think him none the less capable of saying how their children should be educated.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE YOU TIRED

HIGH JUMPING IN CENEAL PARK.

FOOT FEWE

"They are the first pair of Morocco goats They are young, in their second year, quite genile, as you see, and will eat out of your hand. But if startied, all their inherited wildness comes out. I never saw such animals. They seem to have missless of rubber, from the way they jump. I have never had so much trouble with the most dangerous animals we have here."

so easily alarmed as they were, but they might still clear this fence. Their leap is peculiar. They crouch a little, give a short lump in the air, and as they strike the ground, bound apward again as if they were shot from a catapult. The muscles of their legs are extremely tough, but the legs are not adapted for great rapidity or endurance in running. They have been developed by generations of climbing on the Morecce hills. As these goats get older and their bodies in captivity become heavier, they will probably become less active. Possibly our native goat has lost his faculty of high-jumping, if he even had it, since he became partly civilized and accustomed to a diet of brown paper."

LONG FORE HE KNEW WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUS.

From Pipes o' Pan at Zewksbury.

smell; Easter-Sunday-Circus-day-jes' all dead in the shell! Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and The old folks work the story off about the sledge and

Long afore knowed who Santy-Claus" wur!

Ust to wait, and set up late, a week er two ahead;

Size the fire-place up, and figger how "Os Santys Manage to come down the chimbly, like sey said he would, Wisht that I could hide and see him-windered what

he'd say

He'd say

He'd say

He he'd say

H my pack,-jes' he'p yours'd, like all good boys | would better stick to Arabic, too. does?' Long afore knowed wh'santy-Claus" wuz!

Wishs that parn was try about him, as it 'peared

Truth made out o' lie like that un's good enough
for me!—
Wisht I still wuz so "midin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up m' stockin's, like the little child
Over hangin' in my larbonight, and beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reind'rs, and "Old Santy" that she loves Pin half sorry or this little-girl-sweetheart of his— Long afe^e She knows who

WANT TO BE WHUR MOTHER IS. Wansto be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother Jeepes Rivers! won't some one ever shut that howl o' That air yellin' drives me wild!
Cain't none of ye stop the child!
Want yer daddy! "Naw." Gee whizz!
"Want to be whur mother is!"

" Want to be whar mother is! Want to be whar mother Coax him, Sairy! Mary, sing somepin for him! Lift him, Lizliang the clock-bell with the keyEr the meat.ax! Gee-mun-nee!
Listen to them lungs of his!
"Want to be whur mother is!"

which we crossed on Thursday. On Monday of last week we rode into the district of Bsherreh after a tour of a few days over the lower slopes of the Lebanon. An immense amphitheatre of mountains—the highest peaks of the Lebanon walls about the district to north, east and south, while the west is open to the seabreezes. The basin thus formed is cleft by the valley-gorge of the river Kadisha, in places a couple of thousand feet deep. It was still early in the afternoon when we approached the valley of Hasrun. Gardens green with walnut, mulberry and fruit trees, varied with the tall, straight silver poplar make a pretty frame to the square ly built houses. Water abounds, flowing ever where in little channels. Our mules were ahed of us, having passed us when we stopped or breath. The cook had received instruction to look for a level place near a house, which right afford us shelter in case it rained into thetent. However, he thought it best to leave the tent furled, and when we arrived we found or beds ready to be put up in the best chambs of the priest's house. From the roof openin out of

English: "Welcome, gentlemen! I bin in your country; know New-York, bin in Milwakee, Chicago, Topeka, San Francisco, and Nav-Mexico."

The speaker was a lad of eighten or twenty, dressed in European clothes with an Arab fez. He was the priest's son-the esser clergy of Maronites marry-and son the mother and younger children were gethered about us as we made ourselves at home ipstairs. Presently we went out for a walk. The village resembles many others which we have visited in Lebanon-resembles them in its appearance and the appearance of its inhalitants. Put a great difference became apparent. A conely woman looked out, nodded, and said, "Mulloa!" Up stepped another, smiling and reparked, "How you gettin' 'long?" A man stoped as he passed us, with "Good morry, gentlanen. We know gettin' 'long?" A man stoped as he passed us, with "Good morry, gentlallen. We know America berry well" It 'as bewildering! These natives in the leart of tie Lebanon, dressed like any other natives, croping up on every side, and addressing us in Hegitsh! I had heard that many people had gon! to America from the Beherreh district. Indeed I once came across fifteen of them encampe! under a tree near the old town of Deerfield, Mass. But to find this town with so strong a Yankee flavor was a surprise, indeed. A litre chap, with a red and black cap and kmpkerbockers, strolled along with us, his hands drust deep in his pockets—a regular little Boyery boy, a New-York gamin! Peter had knocled about the streets near the Battery betweer the age of seven and nine, and the result was hat Syria and the East had been quite knocked out of him, while his parents, I fancy, remased essentially Oriental. He was rather inclaed to turn up his little nose at Hasrun.

"Ain' no peanuts nor candy," he grumbled, with the perfect accent of the Bowery.

Pete's ancestors may have lived in Hasrun hungels of years before America was discovered; they probably did, as the Maronites have held fast to this district.

"An revolt—beg pardon—good-by!"

Is THIS VERESTCHAGIN!

they probably did, as the Maronites have held to this district. fast

What did you do all the time in New-York?" Tasked.

"Oh, play wid de boys, and sell for my fader," ao replied; and added. "You know Miss ---?

would better stick to Arabic, too.

"Oh, I was only foelin'," said the boy; and the conversation turned. Any one who has been in the Orient will understand that by this time my mind was in a decidedly topsy-turry condition. In Syria fliritation with its vocabulary is a thing unknown. Marriages are almost entirely arranged by parents. Peter had indeed become Occidentalized.

We spent a couple of nights in the priests house and held huge receptions. All the returned "Americans" were interested in our visit and many called. It is astonishing how they have thrived. One man took with him \$500 and in a year and three months returned with \$1,000. Another had capital worth \$1,000 and refurned with \$3,000. They told us some interesting stories. Some impressions were amusing, others painful. One man with a nice wife, of whom he seemed very fond, had a poor opinion of domestic felicity in America. According to him the women have the better of it. This same man said that he felt the same pleasure in seeing us that he had in coming across a Syrian in the States. Various estimates were given of the numbers in America. North and South. "Hundreds," was the usual description. Some are never heard of. Some barely get on. Others return and build fine houses—fine for their district—and become proprietors, where before they were peasants. The emigrant des seemed quite lacking. Indeed, I have talked with dozens all,—a desire to make a lot of money in a few years and then the course in a few commands arranged—that have found that the spirit of adventure moves all,—a desire to make a lot of money in a few years and then to return and make for themwears and then the course of them.

And so the residual to the priestory of the said they be and the converse of the battalion of richem, colonely and the second proprietors, where before they were peasants. The emigrant des seemed quite lacking. Indeed, I have talked with dozens all,—a desire to make a lot of money in a few years and then to return and make for themall,-a desire to make a lot of money in a few years and then to return and make for themyears and then to return and make for themselves a new and better position. At first, these
Syrians took Oriental goods from Jerusalem and
Damascus. "I took goods for Catholics and
goods for Protestants—all kind goods," said one
lad to me. Then finding that they could live
so much more cheaply than American traders
some of them would fit up a cart with all
kinds of goods—some taken from Marseilles,
others bought in New-York—and go about peddling, making enormous profits. A Syrian in
America will do what his pride would not permit him to do at home. "No one would know
me there," said a young fellow, who told me
that in his own country he would be ashamed
to work with his hands. It is odd to see how
pride crops out unexpectedly. The priest's son to work with his hands. It is odd to see how pride crops out unexpectedly. The priest's son had been telling how he had got on in this and that place, and when he mentioned Topelta I resked him if he had sold much at the college. He flushed and in an offended tone, said, "I no seil to schools!"

I asked if all the fine houses in Hasrun were built by returned "Americans." "Not all," was the answer. "When the richer people of the village saw the common peasants who had been to the States building such good houses, they were forced to rebuild their own houses so as not to be outdone."

were forced to continue."

not to be outdone."

The Lebanon Government evidently does not look with much favor on the exodus. One man who desires to return and try his luck again told me that he finds it difficult to get again told me that he finds it difficult to get a passport without paying very dearly. I can see no reason for discouraging these people from visiting another country and returning to enrich their own with new houses and gardens. It would certainly be a capital idea if they could be induced to settle in America as smiths, carpenters and builders. The Lebanomese are quick, intelligent, polite and adaptive; they would make excellent American citizens.

rich their own with new houses and gardens. It would certainly be a capital idea if they could be induced to settle in America as smiths, carpenters and builders. The Lebanonese are quick, intelligent, polito and adaptive; they would make excellent American citizens.

THEIR WATCHES KEEP TIME TO A SECOND.

A daily sight in Breadway is a little crowd of people staring fixedly up in the air, and standing, watch in hand, right in the way of the caseless stream of hurrying mortals whose time is too precious to be spent in finding out exactly what these it is. To a careless observer all of these open watches in the hands of the gavers point to 12 o'clock. Not so, however. There are nice shades of difference there that only a man who takes a pride in the correctness of his timegicee can appreciate. Every the correctness of his timegicee can appreciate. Every the correctness of his timepiece can appreciate. Every eye is fixed on the check tower of the Western Union Telegraph Building. No clock dial brightens up the blank space there where a clock should be. Too many telegraph wires enter that upper story to permit a time-piece in that tower to be other than a mockery, but surmounting the

highest pinnacle is a low upright rod with an fron ball suspended at its top. Or the very instant that the clocks at the Naval Observatoryat Washington proclaim the hour of noon, that ball slide swiftly down the pole, the gazers sigh as the suspensels ended, second hands are regulated to a hair's breathr the cases amap shut and the little Enablec, November 15.

A storm of wind and rain with cold that hourly threatens snow, has kept us for four days in this flat-roofed town, bearing the same name as the splendid ruins in the gardens beyond. It is not, however, of Baalbec that I am going to write, but of the district just beyond the mountain pass—7,000 feet and more above sea level—over which we crossed on Thursday. On Monday of

HE WASN'T A SHEFF.

THE M.NUFACTURER AND THE DIGNIFIED MAN. A man with a hole in his hat, a red nose, and his coat astened together with a homeshoe nail approaced a well-dressed and dignified resident of Broslyn on a Hamilton ferryboat and, said:

Sir, I see by the morning paper that we are gong to have colder weather." The Brooklyn man looked at him hard but didn's

ommit bimself.
"I was a capitalist onct, to change the subject," aid the man with the storm-signal nose. "I don's

look it now, do 17" "No," replied the Brooklynite. "I was, though. The last of a large fortune has

"Whiskey !" inquired the Brooklyn man. "No, sir," decisively replied the man with the illuminated nose. "Nothing of the kind. Specula-tion, sir. I went up to Croton a year ago and bought a brick yard. I tried all the diffrent receips for making brick that I knowed and they all failed.

Do you recken I orter have put sal'ratus in them brick to make 'em raise!" "I am not engaged in the manufacture of bricks," said the dignified man coldly.

the best chamber a voice called dowr to us in "Exactly-only wanted your private 'pinion, podner," answered the man with the edition de luxe nose. "Jess wanted to know if you thought the bakin' sody would of h'isted 'em. I didn't know nothing 'bont brick you see-mebby I orter used

bakin' powder in 'em, ch?" "I don't know, str," and the man from the City of Churches buttoned his overcoat up under his chin. "Them bricks o' mine wouldn't swell up an' fill the dish we baked 'em in, you know," went on the ex-capitalist, as he pushed back a lock of his hair that was escaping through the hole in his hat. didn't have no receipts for mixin' bricks 'cept ones I picked up. I had never run no brick bakery. I wa'n't no sheff. You know what I mean by sheff,

"Please have the goodness to direct your remarks elsewhere, will you," said the man from Brooklyn.
"No offence, sir, no offence," went on the other, fastening his coat a little closer with the horseshoo nail; "I s'posed you was a'quainted with French,

IS THIS VERESTCHAGIN?

A CONFESSION OF CRUELTY TRANSLATED FROM A RUSSIAN MAGAZINE.

From The Pall Mall Gazetta

She lives in — street"; naming a street on Murray Hill, the proper distance from Pifth-ave, I disclaimed the acquaintance. "She thought a heap of me," he said; "used to go and see her every week."

"Well, I suppose you thought a great deal of her?" "Yes," the rogue replied. "She was my mash!"

Hastily resorting to Arabic—a language which contains absolutely no equivalent, however remote, for Peter's expression—I advised him that if he couldn't make better use of his English, he would better stick to Arabic, too.

"Oh, I was only foelin'," said the boy; and the conversation turned. Any one who has been

hanged." "Mine to obey, your Excellency." was the response.

And so I looked upon the affair as arranged—that is, I was sure that before leaving Adrianople I should witness this execution, and should afterward transfor it to canvas. But I reckoned without my host. A short time before my departure, finding the two friends in the same unenviable position. I inquired. "And will they not be hanged after all!" and received the answer "No." Having heard that a field court-martial was about to try them, 8— asked M. de Skobeleff as a personal favor not to hang the two cavallers, so that it is very probable that they are still well and loud in their praise of the soft-hearted Russian authorities.

I drew them bount together.

M. Verestehagin has also in the above lines drawn

M. Verestchagin has also in the above lines drawn a portrait of himself which few persons will consider flattering.

A QUEER COINCIDENCE. Boston letter to The Providence Journal.

Boston letter to The Providence Journal.

It might interest the Psychical Society to consider an incident which happened on the eve of the Presidential election. Connected with a Western college is a gentleman who is a strong Republican and his wife is an equally strong Democrat. On the eve of the election day the lady was sitting alone, thinking of the political situation, when the old method of divination by the lible came in her mind. Taking the family Bible she closed her eyes and opened it, placing her finger at random upon the page. The verse upon which her finger rested was Gen. xlix. 27, "Benjamin shall raven as a wolf, in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

The coincidence was as convincing to her mind as it was extracrdinary. As she told the story to her daughter that night she commented: "So I said good by, Grover, and gave up all hope." Everybody already knows how the events of the next day coincided with her foreboding.